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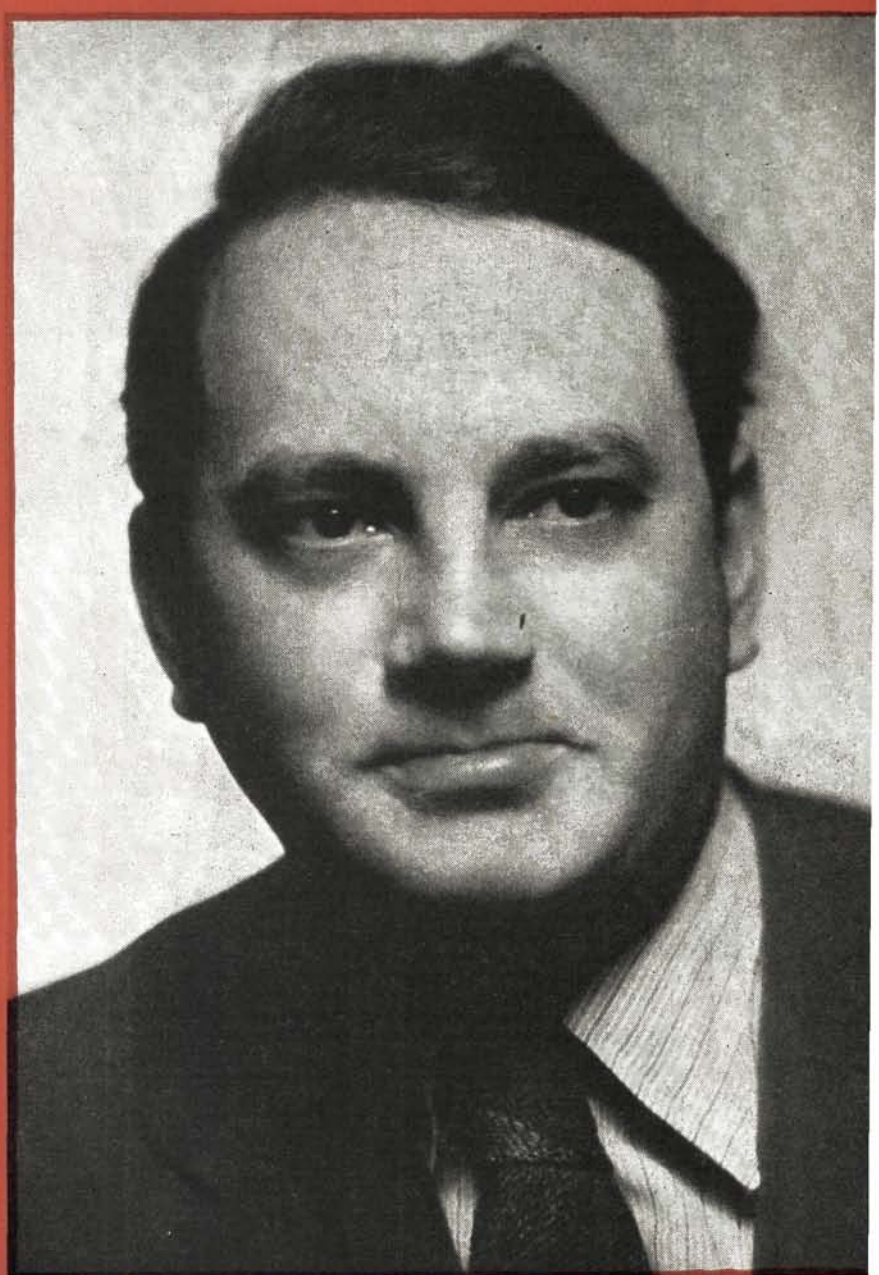
The Saturday Review of Literature



Pinchot

Thomas Wolfe: "It is the most objective novel that I have written" . . .

(See page 5)

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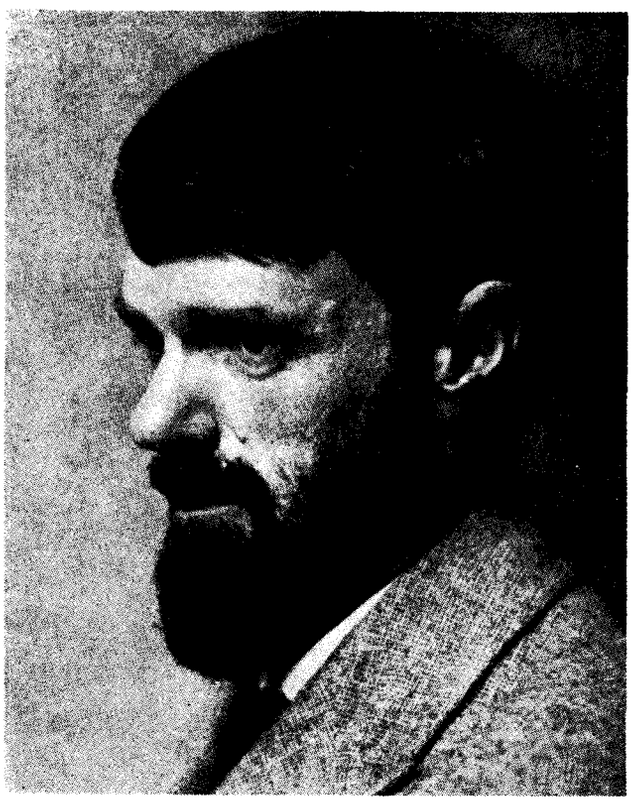
D. H. Lawrence: Ten Years After

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

NEARLY ten years have passed since the death of D. H. Lawrence; and more than ten years since I last said good-bye to him, with no suspicion that I should never see him again. True, during the eight or nine weeks we had been together, he had been seriously ill; but then he had been ill so often, yet had always recovered. It seemed as if some mysteriously inner vitality triumphed over sickness. Actually there was a physical basis for this. Recently I talked with the doctor who attended Lawrence in his last illness. From him I learned that, although the lungs were badly scarred, there was still plenty of resistance, and he would have survived even then but for the psychological defeat which had destroyed his will to live.

I propose here only to relate the outline of this tragedy—the inner complexities need a long essay. Lawrence, it must be remembered, was a striking personality. The books published about him show the almost fanatical devotion he aroused in his own inner group. I have never been able to see why this was the occasion for so much sneering. On the other hand, little or nothing is said about the equally fanatical and far more extensive hatred developed against him. I have often been astonished by it, and still am. People who had never even seen Lawrence, to whom he had done no harm, who had merely listened to gossip and given a prejudiced glance to one or two of his books, united to disparage and thwart him in a way which virtually amounted to persecution. It is to Lawrence's credit that he never developed persecution mania, though he was aware of this hatred, deeply wounded by it, and naturally rather resentful.

It is a peculiar situation. Here was the son of a working man who, through his mother's determination and self-sacrifice, received enough education to become an elementary school teacher in a London suburb. Since his father could barely read and write, that was already an achievement. But from that he went on to make a world reputation as an imaginative writer, with no resources beyond what he could earn with his pen, and in spite of ever-growing opposition. Nothing very criminal in this, one would suppose.



D. H. Lawrence: "There are not so many great figures in twentieth century England that it can afford to despise any of them" . . .

From the beginning an odious class snobbery came into action. Lawrence was condescendingly patronized by the London intelligentsia as a worthy sort of inferior who ought to be glad to receive their superior instruction. His early books were handled pretty roughly by the London journalists while they praised forgotten mediocrities. There was some Pecksniffian grumbling about what was called his "eroticism," and this became virulent when he eloped with a married woman, who subsequently became his wife. In spite of or perhaps because of malicious gossip, his third book was a success. But in September 1915, a year after the outbreak of war, his fourth novel, "The Rainbow," was successfully prosecuted for obscenity and ordered to be destroyed. The book contains one paragraph with a faint suggestion of female homosexuality (so faint that I didn't see it until it was pointed out to me) and several chapters expressing disapproval of war. British magistrates love to insult authors and artists, and the defendant never has the ghost of a chance. The so-called "trial" is invariably a farce, as the judge refuses to admit any witnesses for the defence.

A few weeks after this trial I was surprised to receive a copy of a report issued by the London "Public Morality Council," which among other activities sends old women to previews of films to shorten the kisses and cut out the underclothes. The Bishop of London was an active supporter. My subscription to this association of sex-starved spinsters was demanded on the grounds that they had been responsible for getting "The Rainbow" suppressed. These people know nothing about literature and are nothing more than smut-hounds, but they still continue to function.

The Lawrences were ruined at a stroke by this. No royalties, naturally; and then no British publisher dared issue a novel by Lawrence until after the war. It would have been unpatriotic. The Lawrences took refuge in a tiny cottage on the north coast of Cornwall, for which they paid about a dollar a week and even then nearly starved. You would think they were harmless enough.

Lawrence was rejected by the army as totally unfit, and by way of doing what he could worked on a farm. But Mrs. Lawrence was a German by birth; and sitting by the fire at night

Next Week

CHANGING STANDARDS IN FICTION
By MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

WOODROW WILSON: VOL. VIII
By RAY STANNARD BAKER
Reviewed by Raymond J. Sontag

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they sometimes sang German folk-songs. Suddenly the military descended and searched the house, carrying off Lawrence's papers. All the papers were subsequently returned as harmless; but the Lawrences were ordered to leave Cornwall. Apparently they had been accused of showing lights to guide non-existent German submarines into the Bristol Channel! Lawrence, who of course was utterly and entirely innocent, could never be made to see that mistakes like this do occur in war-time. Nor did he realise that the French at that moment had the jitters about spies, and had insisted that the British government take action against all suspicious characters.

Things did not rest here. Towards the end of 1917 the Lawrences stayed at the same house in London that I used. I had been back some months from the front, and had just passed my final examinations as an officer-cadet. I came into the house alone at dusk one evening, and found a strange man on the stairs. I asked him what he wanted, and to my amazement I found he was a detective sent to spy on Lawrence, and probably to arrest him. I spent over an hour with this sinister dumbbell trying to persuade him of the absurdity of his suspicions. Thanks chiefly to the fact that I was in uniform, I think I succeeded for the moment. Naturally, I didn't tell Lawrence about it—with his capacity for moral indignation he might have done something rash. So far as I know, he was not further troubled by spy-hunters during the war.

Curiously enough, at exactly this time another Lawrence was actively employed as a British agent in Arabia—a strange coincidence.

In 1919 D. H. Lawrence left England, and never returned except on brief visits. The official and unofficial persecution did not disappear, however. In 1922 the Lawrences were in Australia, and he wrote an autobiographical novel of their experiences called "Kangaroo." In one chapter of that novel is a vivid description of Lawrence's fury and disgust when a hitherto friendly Australian turned up to inform him sneeringly that he was—a spy! Where had the man got this interesting information?

For the next three or four years the Lawrences were in America, and in no way troubled by this sort of thing. In 1926 on their return to Europe I saw them again, when they stayed in their home near Florence. In 1928 "Lady Chatterley's Lover" was printed in Florence, and was immediately prosecuted. Opinions may differ as to the merit of that work, but I think any decent person would have been revolted by the columns and columns of swinish abuse of Lawrence published in the British press. I happened to be with Lawrence when these cuttings arrived, and saw how outraged he was. The truth is that he never had the least intention of writing a pornographic book. He had lived so long away from ordinary people that he had half-forgotten their prejudices. He felt he would soon die, and wanted to leave a testament of beauty—he rewrote that book three times. With his narrowly passionate puritan nature and incredible naïveté, he saw himself as a crusader for a saner sex life. The foul abuse of the English press was as unexpected by him as it was shocking. I have a feeling that something died in him that night when we sat

Drawing by Coller

Frieda Lawrence

reading that malevolent trash before a log fire on the island of Port-Cros.

And this wasn't all. An exhibition of his pictures was closed by the police and several of them seized as obscene. Americans who have looked at the volume of colored reproductions will know how harmless they were—practically any modern art show has equally wicked examples of painting. The incredible thing is this. A few years later, long after Lawrence was dead, I happened to pick up a copy of an obscure and short-lived periodical containing an interview with Mr. Ernest Thessiger. In this interview he boasted that he and Sir John Squire had acted as common informers, and thus compelled the police to take action. I may add that this was not under the Bodkin regime. There was a Labor government in power, and Clynes was Home Secretary.

That makes the next stage even more amazing. As I have said, Lawrence was living with me in an old fort on the island of Port-Cros, which lies about twenty-five miles from the naval base of Toulon. The fort had been lent to me for two or three months by a French friend. It had a superb view, and French tourists occasionally asked to be allowed to see it. I invariably accompanied them, as Lawrence was very ill in bed—he had a terrible cough, and his lung had started to bleed again. One afternoon three French staff officers arrived, and very politely made the usual request. I took them to the best viewpoint, and by the merest accident mentioned on the way that I had served in the war. We had the usual veterans' get-together, and then they began asking about Lawrence. I explained that he was a very talented English author, but that the British didn't like him because he had published a book of a sexual nature. This tickled the Gallic sense of humor, and they laughed heartily, while we all got in some cracks about British prudery and hypocrisy.

Still they insisted politely but firmly that they must see Lawrence. I explained how ill he was. They went on insisting, and suddenly the ghastly truth came to me—somebody had been pitching that idiotic spy story to the French naval authorities in Toulon! Luckily, Mrs. Lawrence then arrived on the scene, and talked in her frank open way, which I am certain reassured them. At last they went away. It would have been fatal for Lawrence to see them at that moment. He hated men in uniform, and with his extreme quickness would have seen at once what they were after. His anger over the "Lady Chatterley" press clippings had started his lung bleeding again; and the shock of that interview might have killed him. The intention seems to have been to get him deported from France, and as soon as he reached England he would probably have been prosecuted for "uttering an obscene libel."

In any case mail from him to England was being opened by the police, which is quite contrary to law. An envelope containing the MS of "Pansies" was confiscated by the police during transit through the mails, and certain poems destroyed by them.

As a rule, when a man dies, his obituary notices are not stones thrown on his grave. Such was not the case with Lawrence. An obscure journalistic clown named Jimmie Douglas published two columns of illiterate abuse under the title "The End of Filth," and Jack Squire contributed a stupid and venomous insult to the dead. There were a good many others.

This disparagement by England of

(*Continued on page* 14)

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Always Looking Homeward

THE WEB AND THE ROCK. By Thomas Wolfe. New York: Harper & Bros. 1939. 695 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

This novel . . . marks not only a turning away from the books I have written in the past, but a genuine spiritual and artistic change. It is the most objective novel that I have written. I have invented characters who are compacted from the whole amalgam and consonance of seeing, feeling, thinking, living, and knowing many people. I have sought, through free creation, a release of my inventive power.

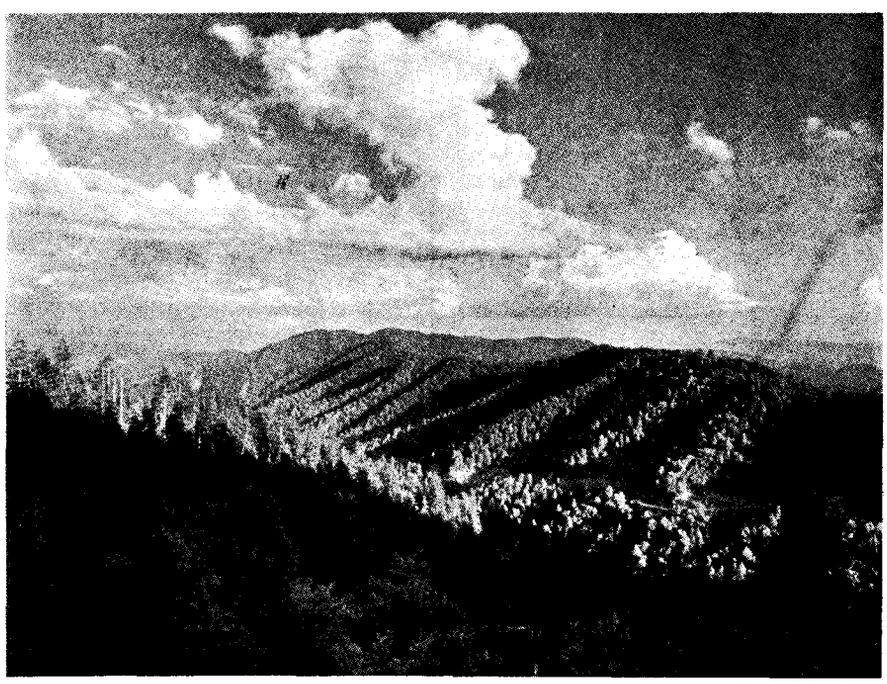
SO, in a brief foreword, Thomas Wolfe explained his approach to his third and penultimate novel—a novel that has the best and the worst of Wolfe in it. Actually "The Web and the Rock" contains two distinct novels: a first half that closely parallels the material of "Look Homeward, Angel," and a second half that is a sequel to the events recorded in "Of Time and the River." A sequel to all intents and purposes, but with Eugene Gant replaced by a new hero named George Webber. The change is principally in name; there are a few alterations in detail of background and in physical appearance; but even in ancestry George Webber's experience overlaps Eugene's, and the further the novel progresses the less distinction there is between the two. George, like Eugene, is the child of a run-down puritanical family in the state of Old Catawba; and also like Eugene, he is beset by the problem of the young man in search of a father. The web and the rock of the title are shifting symbolical images: the web of experience, of environment and ancestry in which George constantly fears to drown (the mixed metaphor is Wolfe's); the rock of the lost father, which gives his life significance. The first half of the book is George Webber's recollection of those things past which Eugene Gant forgot; the second half is the love story of Eugene, told in George's name.

If "The Web and the Rock" had been published as two novels, it would be possible to say that the first half was Wolfe's best novel, the second half his most disappointing. This is surprising, because in general the first half is repetition of what he had done before, and the second is an excursion into a new field: a passionate and tempestuous love story, into which is woven the narrative of George Webber's development as a writer and the publication of his first novel. It is the first half, also, in which Wolfe more nearly succeeded in his attempt to gain objectivity, because it is here that the character and growth of George Webber is most in the background; many of the scenes do not involve him as a direct participant. But that is all that can be said for the objectivity of "The Web and the Rock." The significance of even the earlier events is in their emotional impact on George Webber, who stands for the author as completely as Eugene Gant ever did, and through whose consciousness Wolfe projected some of his most inspired lyrical and invocational passages. The second half, the love story, is utterly subjective throughout.

The whole question of objectivity, in any event, is a red herring. "The Web and the Rock" is Wolfe exactly as we have known him since "Look Homeward, Angel" was published in 1929; it represents no positive development of his ability; what it does, at its best, is to reveal his gifts in all their power and intensity. The first half is dominated by Wolfe's brooding observation of the dark corners of life, the fringes of human nature. It can flash through unforgettably in an anecdote — like that of Rance Joyner, great-uncle of George, a simple-minded mountaineer with the supernatural property of "appearing" at times of disaster; or like that of the Joyner brothers sitting for three days over the corpse of their father, discussing the Egyptian method of embalming; or like that of Aunt Mag and the idiot orphans whom she made her peons. It can magnificently sustain a long episode, as in the chapter about the butcher and his wife who brutalized their own children; as in "The Child and the Tiger," the story of a Negro gone berserk, who held a lynching party at bay until his bullets ran out; best of all, perhaps, in a meditation of George's, "Three O'Clock," about the boys whom he feared and hated—"the dwellers in accursed streets," "the vultures of the world," "made of a vile, base, incalculably evil stuff." Scene after scene, in spite of the resemblance to "Look Homeward, Angel," is breath-taking; Wolfe has illuminated a section of experience which no other novelists but Dostoievsky and Joyce have explored more searchingly; if "Look Homeward, Angel" and "Of Time and the River" were unknown, the first two hundred pages of "The Web and the Rock" would be enough to insure Wolfe's reputation.

These are followed by a section more conventional, but still good Wolfe, on George's life at the University of North Carolina and his early career in New York; and here Wolfe introduces one of his first-rate caricatures in the obese, androgynous esthete, Jerry Alsop. Unlike what has preceded, however, this part does suffer in being too repetitive of Wolfe's earlier novels; and some of it—the arrival of the youth in the big city, "trying to find himself," the re-creation of the intellectual atmosphere of the metropolis in the early twenties—has a sort of local staleness about it which even Wolfe's most efflorescent verbiage cannot disguise.

If "The Web and the Rock" repeats in George's name the experiences of Eugene in "Look Homeward, Angel," it proceeds to skip "Of Time and the River" entirely. Half a page, in italics, tells us that George went to Europe, "knew strange countries, countless things and people, sucked as from an orange the juice out of new lives, new cities, new events. He worked, toiled,



Willard Van Dyke

The Great Smokies (from "Land of the Free" by MacLeish: Harcourt, Brace)

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sweated, cursed, whored, brawled, got drunk, traveled, spent all his money —and then came back with greater fury and unrest than ever before to hurl the shoulder of his strength against the world, desiring everything, attempting much, completing little." Then, on the return trip, he meets and falls awkwardly in love with a woman considerably older than himself, Esther Jack, a successful designer for the theater.

The story of their love affair traces, through enormous length, the progress of a passion that turns into hysterical jealousy, of a relationship that begins in happiness and proceeds—partly because Esther refuses to marry George, partly because he projects his literary discouragements on her—to a series of violent quarrels and recriminations. At the outset the character and the past life of Esther are presented with all the power of Wolfe's imagination to make you see; the initial ecstasy of George carries conviction. But conviction is gradually lost in the violence of his increasingly egocentric torment; and the outlines of Esther (who, incidentally, takes over the web symbol) disintegrates in the subjective cyclone. The candid sensationalism of the love story may increase the popularity of Wolfe among the uncritical, and make new readers for him to whom he has heretofore been only a literary name. But although he probably sweat blood over it, although he set it all down with the honesty of that incredible memory for every detail, it is not on the level with the earlier sections. The passionate experience of Esther is never psychologically resolved in George; and from the crescendo of shrillness in which it is written one may guess that the material was not psychologically resolved in Wolfe; he could not detach himself from it as he could from the memories of childhood. Here too is the story of George's first literary venture, the novel which took so long to find a publisher; and this part of the book contains some elephantine satire on literary life in the twenties, a chapter of sarcastic extravaganza on the publishing firm of "Wright and Rawng" that is embarrassingly bad, and several rehashes of stale gossip from literary parties of fifteen years ago.

After three hundred pages in which the relationship of Esther and George becomes a protracted *Walpurgisnacht*, George goes to Germany to recover, and the book comes to a muted conclusion—but not before George has got into a brawl in Munich and had his head bashed in—in a series of lonely introspections. These resolve none of his problems, but only lead him to the conclusion, "You can't go home again"—which is the last sentence of this novel and the title of Wolfe's last novel, yet to be published.

"The Web and the Rock" contains and magnifies all Wolfe's faults and all his virtues. Where it is good, the actual writing is alive with excitement and power. The chapters on the Joyners are magnificent, the chapters presenting George's early observations and meditations are genius. Both in the lyrical evocation of distilled experience and in the perfection with which Wolfe's ear caught the speech of others, from the mincing young esthete to the earthy talk of the mountain people, Wolfe has written passage after passage that you want to read aloud, to memorize; no novelist since Conrad has more verbal effectiveness. And mingled into these passages there are sentences and paragraphs of overwriting, of self-consciousness, of tastelessness. When George's friend, Nebraska Crane, hits a boy on the arm with a baseball bat, we get the following selection of dialogue, which sounds like the Rover Boys:

> "Carl—Carl—are you hurt bad? How's your arm?" said Sidney Purtle.
> "I think it's broken," groaned that worthy, clutching the injured member with his other hand.

And the Wolfe clichés. "Million-footed life" on page 91 is multiplied in a passage of pure bombast on page 346:

> Out of the nameless and unfathomed weavings of billion-footed life, out of the dark abyss of time and duty, blind chance had brought them together on a ship, and their first meeting had been upon the timeless and immortal seas that beat forever at the shores of the old earth.

But ultimately it makes no difference. In spite of everything, Wolfe was a genius. "Genius is not enough," said Bernard DeVoto in the most acute analysis of Wolfe's weaknesses that any one has written; but DeVoto takes the craft of fiction too seriously; fiction is notorious for the fact that an author whose stuff is good can get away with anything. And genius is really more important, as long as we have more good craftsmen than geniuses. Wolfe at his best is incomparable; when he is bad he has the virtue of being not meretricious, not mediocre, but just plain terrible. Good and bad, he keeps you reading by the force of that personality which diffused itself first into Eugene Gant and then into George Webber, so inextricably that one cannot read of George's introspective torments without a sensation of personal painfulness which includes the author who died last year at thirty-eight. He was a writer of magnificent fragments, imperfectly joined together. His defects were the defects of his qualities, inseparable from them, impossible for the most skillful editing to eliminate. To ask for perfection, for organization, in a novel by Thomas Wolfe is to ask for a book by another novelist—and, we cannot help feeling, a less exciting novelist.

A Note on "The Web and the Rock"

For the records, "The Web and the Rock" raises questions that require not only a review but a passage of bibliographical explanation. First, why did Wolfe abandon Eugene Gant for George Webber? Evidently, from the Author's Note, because he wanted not only to get away from the criticism that he could write only from direct experience and from actual people, but to develop his own gifts in the direction of greater objectivity. The attempt must have been observed more in general than in particular, for as a matter of fact there are a few sections in the early part of the book which are restorations of passages originally cut from the MS. of "Look Homeward, Angel" —the chapter about the butcher, for instance.

In the front matter of "Of Time and the River" (1935) it was announced that two more novels by Wolfe were already finished: "October Fair" and "The Hills beyond Pentland." The substance of "October Fair" is incorporated in "The Web and the Rock," in which the final section, laid in Germany, is called "Oktoberfest." Apparently "The Hills beyond Pentland" was the original title of that section of the Wolfe MSS. which dealt with the mountain kinfolks of Eugene-George; presumably some of it is in "The Web and the Rock," more may be included in "You Can't Go Home Again." Wolfe changed his plans frequently; he projected a novel called "K 19" that ultimately became part of "Of Time and the River," which also contained sections cut from the original MS. of "Look Homeward, Angel". He once had his publishers announce a novel to be written about the secret night life of America. It never appeared. However, he did get as far as writing at least one long chapter, called "People of the Night," which has not been included in any of his published books.

G. S.

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The Almost Perfect Anthology

TELLERS OF TALES. Selected and with an introduction by W. Somerset Maugham. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1939. 1526 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THIS collection of one hundred stories by American, English, French, German, and Russian authors is probably the best one-volume anthology of short stories ever published. The selection is made by a master of this particular literary form, who has written an informative and readable introduction. When Mr. Maugham conceived the notion of this anthology a few years ago, he planned to show the evolution of the short story form during the past century and a quarter; but the more he read in the stories of the past and the present, the more convinced he became that "in essentials the short story has changed little; what was a good story at the beginning of the nineteenth century is a good story today." It occurred to him, for instance, that Washington Irving's story, "The Stout Gentleman," might have been written by Katherine Mansfield. Most of the changes have been superficial: elegance in style has yielded to the severe and the plain, sometimes to the uncouth; there is less description and more dialogue; stories tend to concern themselves more with what people think and feel than with what they do.

It would be hard to disagree with Maugham's assertion that the two writers who have most influenced modern short-story writers are Maupassant and Chekhov; in fact, short stories of the past fifty years fall easily into two classes: those in the Maupassant tradition, tightly constructed, crisp, bare of inconsequential details, with a well-defined beginning and a series of closely connected incidents leading to a sudden and often surprising end; and those in the manner of Chekhov—seemingly patternless, casual, nearly always without climaxes and crises, often ending "in the air," but creating a mood, or a sense of the fluidity, perplexity, and mystery of life. Although Maugham's stories have been on what he calls the side of law and order (the first literary influence he responded to was that of Maupassant), critical acclaim in recent years has been largely for stories of the Chekhovian type. Maugham shrewdly points out that the present decline in popularity of the fiction magazine (aside from the pulpwoods) and the growth of a vast radio audience of listeners may mean the return to popularity of the story of incident and sharply defined plot.

Several years ago in the preface to "East and West" Maugham defined a short story as "a piece of fiction, of any length you choose, which deals with a single situation, but this situation may be a mood, a character, or an event." In "Tellers of Tales" he contracts the definition to "a piece of fiction that has unity of impression and that can be read at a single sitting." It is almost Poe's definition. "A single sitting" is not very helpful, for many voracious readers can consume a full-length novel at one sitting. The definition, however, is broad enough to allow the editor to include such widely divergent types of narratives as "The Two Drovers" by Scott, "Rip Van Winkle," "The Legacy" by Maupassant, "The Happy Prince" by Wilde, a detective story by Conan Doyle, Conrad's "Typhoon," "An Experiment in Misery" (really a "feature story") by Stephen Crane, "The Nowaks" by Isherwood, etc. The Russian stories, some of which are by young Soviet writers, are sensibly grouped together, but the other stories are arranged more or less chronologically.

Little fault will be found with Maugham's selection. The great favorites are all represented—Balzac, Flaubert, Conrad, O. Henry, Jacobs, Kipling, Chekhov, Maupassant, Lardner, Anderson, Hemingway, Mansfield, Saki, Faulkner; moreover there are brilliant stories by Louis Paul, Elizabeth Bowen, Paul Morand, Tristan Bernard, Kay Boyle, Anatole France, Aldous Huxley, etc. Although the publishers announce "Tellers of Tales" as a "definitive anthology of the short story," Maugham makes no such assertion—he has merely chosen a hundred stories which he likes and which he believes represent the various forms of this literary genre. Few important writers are missing. Some readers will cavil at the omission of Galsworthy, Mark Twain, Ambrose Bierce, or Wilbur Daniel Steele, but the most glaring defect in this nearly perfect anthology is the absence of a story (may I suggest "Footprints in the Jungle"?) by W. Somerset Maugham.

Lightness, and Something More

THE BRANDONS—By Angela Thirkell, New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1939. 358 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MAXWELL

BY way of distinguishing "The Brandons" from its predecessors, it is possible to say, with some accuracy, that the book is concerned with a very charming Mrs. Brandon and her efforts to avoid being read to. There is quite a little more to it than that, of course. The book also has to do with a Miss Brandon, a contentious old lady who is ready and willing to die, when the book opens, and whose only interest lies in dangling before her relatives a dark country house that no one wants to live in and a large fortune that nobody needs. It is also about the young Brandons, Francis and Delia, and their friends, and the mothers of their friends. There is a picnic too, and a church fair, an acute attack of appendicitis, and a mild love story. All put together in Mrs. Thirkell's most skillful manner, they provide continual amusement of a quiet sort.

Of the contemporary English novelists who write for the hammock and the chaise longue none offers a more solid texture of plot and situation than Mrs. Thirkell, or can manage a more sustained lightness of touch. The trouble is, she provides something more, something that is nearly always lacking from the others. At the basis of her humor, and cutting straight through enormous quantities of nonsense, is her attitude toward human beings, which is invariably realistic and sane. I suppose, therefore, that one ought to regret the fact that she chooses to write only about nice people, and places them in a world that is almost unrecognizable in its pleasantness and security; actually, I'm for taking what she offers and being grateful for it.

Angela Thirkell

William Maxwell is the author of "Bright Center of Heaven" and "They Came Like Swallows."

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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The Writer and the Cause

THE following is not to be taken as written after deliberate torture or in a spirit of animosity. Far from it. Never in the history of one writer's career has he found himself sympathizing more whole-heartedly with most of the various "causes" of the day; and every time a five-dollar bill has flitted from him in the process of heartening the inner man with dangerous stimulant, his conscience—the next day—has griped "suthin' terrible" that he did not hand it over to aid the refugees. Millions of refugees, of all nationalities. Thousands of badly wounded boys from Spain. Europe full of the destitute and desperate. Here and there and now and then he has done what he could and a few of the things that have been asked of him. The little he has done and given has been done and given gladly. But there is another side to it too.

He has attended meetings and spoken at meetings where those met together all thought the same way, most of whom had already given to the cause and were immediately called upon to give again. If one cause only were concerned, it would not be so complicated for a writer—but organizations of all kinds have sprung up by the multitude. A number are helping the infinitely courageous and infinitely betrayed people of Spain. Any number are helping the Jews. And so it goes. Hardly a day passes without letters or telephone calls requesting one's presence here and there, on this committee or that, to write, to sign letters, to speak, to telegraph congressmen. Is this primarily the writer's function?

The present writer admits frankly that, like a good many of the dreamy writing temperament, he is pretty lazy. But also, when one embarks upon a piece of creative writing, it takes some time to bring an idea out of the dark and make it flower. Time is needed and a certain amount of detachment. The glib little man-of-action's phrase about that eternal ivory tower recently stung the present writer, in fact, into the following, which no forward-looking, up-and-coming, go-and-get-'em, arm-in-arm, step-in-step, hep-hep-hep-hep magazine would print.

MAN IN TOWER

He's out on the ledge—he's going to jump!
He's a victim of agoraphobia!
He's escapist—he ought to come down to earth! . . .
but he said, I can see from here, there's something coming,
I can tell you what I see . . .

We run back and forth,
we can lean down and pat the earth,
we know all, we are in the very midst of affairs . . .
but he said, it's really a matter of horizons
and you need someone to watch . . .

He ought to be down here!
Why is he up there?
He ought to be right among us
running about like us
talking like us, shouting . . .

It's approaching, said the man in the tower
and he shouted to them
It's approaching!
but they shook their fists and cried
Traitor, come down, come down!

Of course the real trouble with that poem is that it is too much like the work of the late Stephen Crane—at least it has a slight suggestion of that master's poetic method. And of course it can in no sense be applied to organizations that are facing terrific and horrible facts and trying desperately to do something to alleviate intolerable conditions. If they call up to the literary man's window, he must answer. It's only when the high priests of organization try to organize any kind of artist that they get in over their depth, because when the artist looks as though he were doing the least work, that may very easily be the time when he is about to turn out his best. That is something none of the real (?) workers of the world will ever be able to understand. Never.

Nor will the espousers of causes and the hard workers for causes ever be able to understand why such queer fish as writers for the most part work for such causes only spasmodically. They may get into a working fit of writing just at the exact time when the cause needs them—and then, however the problem is solved, it is just too bad for somebody. Blame the writer! Is his work so important? After living fifty-three years, the present scribe was called up by an earnest young man one afternoon who requested him to appear and speak at some meeting. The writer pled that he was busy. "Are you writing for *The Saturday Review of Literature?*" "No, I don't mean that." "May I inquire," inquired the young man haughtily at the other end of the phone, "just what it is you are so busy about?" "Writing," said the writer.

The young man had his side too. He was wrapped up in a most worthy cause and seeing in his mind's eye the millions of the destitute and desperate. What possible importance could a writer's writing have beside that horror that cried for immediate remedial action? And yet—hold on! The best contributions the writers have made to the causes that cry for support have been through their hours at the typewriter, not through their hours attending meetings or speaking from the platform. Once in a while an admirable writer like Vincent Sheean, also an admirable man, comes along who seems to be able to turn out books and take the public side of life in his stride as well. Even the author of "Lolly Willowes" now speaks in public. But a good generalization to make, it seems to me, is that if you respect the writer's times of being absorbed in his writing, he is going to go farther and do more for your cause, actually, than if you are always on the phone or in the act of dictating letters to him asking him to do things for it that are really quite out of his line and that a number of other people could do just as well or better. To speak up for our craft, probably the writers have been more worked up over the state of the world than any other class of people. They feel things pretty keenly, if they are any good at all as writers. They have rallied to the great causes of the day in multitudes. But the important contribution they have to make to the world today is the written word, and it is all too easy to deflect a writer from his real purpose by setting him purely extraneous tasks. They're no bowl of goldfish! Give them a chance to write!

W. R. B.

In Training

BY PAUL ENGLE

DAYS of reckless deed,
Fury of bone, we spend on
Hardening back and heart,
Toughening each tendon.

That way of violence,
Of inner strain and tussle,
We use for strengthening
Emotion's muscle.

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Letters to the Editor: *Michigan and Mr. Ford; Prosperity in Ancient Rome*

Michigan Is Beautiful

SIR:—By getting rid of the blinders that he betrays in his article of June 10 in *The Saturday Review of Literature,* Mr. Ford Madox Ford would be able to see that Michigan is beautiful and that he is inconsistent.

If there is no more merit to the works of the geniuses by implication of whom he writes than to his comment that "Michigan is the homeliest of all the states," it is not difficult to understand why the unknowns he is plugging fail to find publishers.

I would like to know how much of Michigan Mr. Ford has seen. Has he traveled through the fruit belt southwest of Olivet, the Tyrone hills, the Irish hills, along the Lake Michigan shore line, or in the Copper country?

I also would like to know what good Mr. Ford thinks it would accomplish to publish books that stuck in the retailer's shop, there to be classified as "completely unsaleable" and placed in storerooms or on the 25-cent table.

Mr. Ford has irked me to such an extent that I think I will send clippings to him of all my book reviews. Perhaps on reading them he would write an article saying that it is a shame I am not reviewing for your magazine or *The New York Times.*

COLIN J. MCDONALD.

The Flint Journal
Flint, Mich.

(By "homely," Mr. Ford no doubt meant "homelike," without the American connotation of "ugly."—Ed.)

First Book Televised

SIR:—In your issue of June 10, P. E. G. Quercus refers to W. S. Hall's "Eyes on America" as "so far as we know the first book ever televised," the event having taken place on May 8, sponsored by the British Broadcasting Company. So far as I know, the first book ever televised was "The Greatest Show on Earth" (Doubleday, Doran), by Sidney Senzer. I did a television review of this book, the illustrations and the reviewer appearing on the screen, at the N.B.C. studios. The date was May 3, 1938.

ERNEST BOYD.

New York City.

The Roman Frontier

SIR:—In reviewing "The New Deal in Old Rome" in the *S. R. L.* for May 27th, Elmer Davis stated that

> Roman prosperity vanished with the disappearance of the open frontier . . . collapse was postponed so long as there was new country to be opened and developed. Once the frontier was gone, the problem . . . had to be faced, . . . how to distribute the products of industry and agriculture in a society more than two thirds of whose members were ill clothed, ill housed, and ill fed.

Mr. Davis has repeatedly proved himself a competent and trustworthy witness and interpreter as to ancient or classic Rome. Almost never have I had to dissent from preceding utterances of his in this field. It is with diffidence that I do so now. But his remarks about "the open frontier," "new country" and "frontier gone" perplex me. If I rightly understand his meaning and drift, it looks to me as if there were a false analogy and an unreal parallel under those quoted phrases.

Has the reviewer had the receding and now vanished frontier in the United States and Canada in mind? (Possibly Argentina, Australia, and South Africa should be included.) If so, and if I understand his statements aright, it should seem as if the modern instance had been misapplied to the ancient happening. The modern frontier was originated and pushed forward by continuing overflows of civilization from Europe and European settlements in the Americas into noncivilized, sparsely peopled regions. (These don't include Central America, Mexico, and Peru.) The Roman frontier was originated and maintained by armies, not by mass-migrations of civilians, and went into countries—Britannia, Gallia, Germania, and Iberia, to say nothing of northern Africa, Mesopotamia, Egypt, Arabia—where considerable civilizations already existed or where wonderful ones had existed for millenniums. According to my knowledge of Roman history and civilization, which is not inconsiderable, the Roman frontier was not an economic area and influence to any material degree, contributing significantly to the prosperity of Rome, but mainly a military means for conducting the Roman government's foreign policies. If my view of these matters be correct, the disappearance of the open frontier was not the cause of the vanishing of Rome's prosperity.

FREDERIC PERRY NOBLE.

Spokane, Wash.

"I want something boring for a guest room."

Mr. Davis Replies

SIR:—The analogy is imperfect, as are all analogies between ancient and modern conditions; but by no means invalid. The Roman frontier was indeed created and maintained by armies; but in Gaul, Britain, Spain, the Balkan countries, and northern Africa (beyond the highly civilized coastal fringe) Roman conquest was followed by immigration, higher standards of living, and the gradual replacement of the old village or tribal culture by the much higher urban civilization of the Mediterranean. The new countries were not such an economic influence as they would be today because the difficulties of land transport made the shipment of goods manufactured in the older areas expensive; but as demand and purchasing power increased, new industries sprang up in the provinces themselves. And every newly opened frontier was an opportunity for ambitious young men who didn't see much ahead of them in their home towns in Italy (or Greece, or Africa) but knew that they could go west, or north, or south and grow up with the country.

ELMER DAVIS.

New York City.

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Price Studios

Archibald MacLeish at his *Fortune* desk

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

BY JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

A YEAR AGO Yale University picked Bernard Knollenberg, a gusty, vehement New York tax lawyer, to head the Yale Library; and Mr. Knollenberg promptly chose James T. Babb, a New Haven stockbroker, to act as his assistant. Professional librarians gnashed their teeth; but Knollenberg and Babb, who are both first-rate functioners as well as lovers of Beautiful Letters, have lived down the initial criticism. People who make considerable use of the Yale Library tell me that all is now serene along the Quinnipiack save in the late afternoons, when Knollenberg frightens the porch-sitters at the sedate Lawn Club with his animalistic cries and Bounding-Basque acrobatics on the tennis court.

The Yale plum, however, was a private plum; the professional librarians might grouse, but it was, after all, Yale's own business if it chose to pick an amateur who had nothing to recommend him but his energy, executive capacity, and sheer joy in living (since books are supposed to grow out of life there are worse qualities than gusto in a librarian.) But with President Roosevelt's naming of Archibald MacLeish as the new librarian of Congress, the professional librarians evidently feel they have a right this time to squawk publicly.

With the professional librarians' right to their opinions no one can have the slightest quarrel. But their objections to MacLeish—that he is a poet, that he has had no library experience, that he is, presumably, not an executive—are all based on a fundamental misapprehension of the vital and sheerly able MacLeishian character. Like Mr. Knollenberg at Yale, Arch MacLeish has double the energy that can be contained in an eight-hour working day; and any job he takes is bound to benefit from the surplusage. And, again like Mr. Knollenberg, MacLeish is just as much a natural-born executive as Bob Hutchins of the University of Chicago. He has the ability to function as a leader of men, whether as a field artillery captain in the World War, or as the director of a research team engaged in mastering the structure of the Japanese economy for *Fortune* Magazine. Great corporations know that a good executive can, after a suitable period of immersion, master any job from the administrative standpoint; and they are rightly more concerned with the quality of character of an executive vice president than they are with his technical knowledge. The only relevant question about MacLeish is the one the professional librarians failed to ask: what experience as a functioner has he had in the past, and how well has he stood up under the experience?

The popular notion of a poet is that he must by some inexorable law be a dreamer, unable to cope with practical matters. When people say "poet," they think of Whitman loafing on an East River ferry, or of Baudelaire with his purple sins, or of Jeffers in his tower, or of Edna Millay in a Christopher Street attic, or of Carl Sandburg in a free-and-easy newspaper city room. They are willing to admit that poets can be fighters, for Rupert Brooke and Allan Seeger went off to the World War with a vim. But as for common business efficiency and the time-clock virtues, these are never associated with the ability to command a difficult internal rhyme scheme. Yet Archie MacLeish is far more business-like and disciplined than most business men of my acquaintance. The son of Andrew MacLeish, a tough old Scotsman who was one of Chicago's great merchants and civic pioneers, Archie combines the stubborn downrightness, the methodical approach, and the gnarled quality of his father's people with a charm that is still boyish at forty-seven. To look at him (or at his wife, Ada, a very gracious person) you would never guess that he has a son, Kenneth, who is already married and in graduate school. The son is an aviator, which frightens both father and mother. But it is characteristic that they have never tried to keep him from the cockpit of a plane.

Poets, who can be very jealous people, sometimes hold it against MacLeish that he has never been a technical innovator on the order of T. S. Eliot or Ezra Pound. The objection has always seemed pettifogging to me; after all, Shakespeare did not invent blank verse, he merely transformed a comparatively stiff medium into something that is gloriously flexible. Similarly with MacLeish: he took the esoteric metrics of Pound and Eliot and turned them into something that has freedom and carrying-power. "Conquistador," which won the Pulitzer Prize for MacLeish in 1933, has always seemed to me a peak in modern poetry. To prepare for the writing of "Conquistador" MacLeish first covered by packmule every foot of Cortez's triumphant march from Vera Cruz to Mexico City. Archie MacLeish is always thorough in just that way.

Indeed, his life has had a planned, purposive quality from the beginning. But Arch MacLeish has not planned in any narrow way; there is nothing of Poor Richard in him, for he has always made the copy-book virtues into his slave, not his master. At Yale, in the World War decade, he cultivated a range of activity that had been unknown to undergraduates in the earlier twentieth century period of New Haven's "muscular Christian-

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ity." Not only did he write for the *Lit.* (his class poem that begins, *"A year ago, and grey Euripides,"* is still very good in a nineteenth century romantic manner), but he also went in for an athletic regimen which he has continued to the present. He was an intercollegiate water polo player and diver (he still can turn a very pretty front one-and-a-half from the springboard on his farm at Conway, Massachusetts) and, though he is no physical giant, he competed on equal terms at football with the hefty Cupid Blacks and Jim Bradens during a period in which Yale football ran to a rather sluggish brawn. After graduation from Yale he went to the Harvard Law School, which he left in 1919 with a *magna cum laude* citation and (more important to his subsequent career) the friendship and admiration of Felix Frankfurter. He was on his way to success as a Boston lawyer when he suddenly said, "The hell with it, I'm a poet." That was in 1923. The next decade was spent mastering the fundamentals of poetical technique. But here was no dilettante of the arts: MacLeish wanted technical competence because he felt he had something to say.

Last winter Edmund Wilson wrote a cruel parody for *The New Yorker* that represented MacLeish as a waverer between popular radical ideologies. But the parody gained its power from MacLeish's own effective manner, which was a subtle, if unintentional, compliment. As a matter of fact, MacLeish is not a waverer at all; his values have been democratic and humanistic from the start. If he has, at various times, stood on platforms with communists and fellow-travelers, that is because the communists have been going his way, not he theirs. MacLeish was for the Popular Front government of Spain. But those who brand him "Red" are compelled to use a phony syllogism that goes:

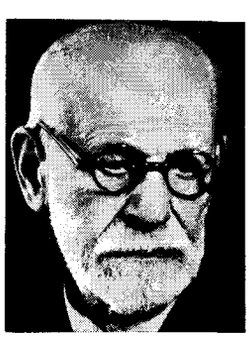
Mr. MacLeish is for a republican form of government in Spain.

The communists have sold tanks and airplanes to the Spanish Republicans, and have helped fight a war for democracy on Spanish soil.

Therefore, Mr. MacLeish is a communist.

Personally, I am unable to follow Arch MacLeish in his feeling that an international democratic front of Britain, France, and the U. S. can ever be achieved on terms calculated to preserve and extend a world democracy. The troubles of Europe seem to me insoluble; and a power-politics confrontation of alliances takes us back to 1914-18, not ahead to a world democracy. But even if it is mistaken, MacLeish's crusading on behalf of "collective security" springs from democratic and humanistic values, and has nothing whatsoever to do with the power-politics of Joseph Stalin.

I saw MacLeish off and on during his last two years as an editor-writer for *Fortune Magazine,* and was constantly amazed at his energy and capacity for organizing his work (and the work of those under him). *Fortune* has been characterized as a three-way cross between Hollywood, Bellevue, and a post-graduate course in sociology. The characterization is not in the least accurate insofar as the finished product of the magazine is concerned. It is true, however, that *Fortune,* as a working institution, is a terrific consumer of energy, and writers frequently have a bad time in the deadline week with checking, reshaping, and rewriting. But the hectic attempt to turn out long encyclopedic monthly articles that combine flavor with a statistician's accuracy never seemed to bother MacLeish, who continued to write poetry, to make speeches, and to lecture at Princeton on the side. He would come to the office in the morning at nine, get through a prodigious amount of mail, tell his researchers just what he wanted and where to go to get it, and then write a graceful, forceful prose until five in the afternoon. Other writers might stay up all night in the throes of meeting a deadline; not MacLeish. As for the content of MacLeish's *Fortune* work, it is noteworthy that Stuart Chase borrowed heavily for his "Rich Land, Poor Land" from MacLeish's article on grass. MacLeish wrote five-eighths of the *Fortune* Japanese issue in two months' time; and every article save one in the *Fortune* series that has been collected by Alfred Knopf in a book called "Background of War" is his. A person who can gut both statistician's reports and complicated, diffuse research with the facility of MacLeish should have no trouble mastering library technique. Also, his current job, as curator of the Nieman Collection of Contemporary Journalism at Harvard (headquarters, the Widener Library), is one that demands qualifications of executive ability, flair for acting as a moderator on the platform, and a knowledge of politics, economics, and Beautiful Letters. It has taken both a scholar and a good functioner to handle the curious Nieman experiment in adult education.



Sigmund Freud

Arch MacLeish hopes to write a lot more poetry before he dies in his boots. But he is not the sort of person who would ever take a job on sinecure terms. When he enlists it is for "the duration." As librarian of Congress he will do his job well—and still find time for poetry.

Freud on Moses

MOSES AND MONOTHEISM. By Sigmund Freud. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1939. 216 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by LOUIS FINKELSTEIN

WHETHER Dr. Freud's eagerly awaited and loudly heralded new book is a significant integral addition to the literature of psychoanalysis, only specialists in that field can say. For Bible students its values lie in certain provocative historical-biographical suggestions, although they are frequently based on an arbitrary and unjustified acceptance and rejection of expert opinion and tradition. In fact, Dr. Freud admits as much, for in an interesting footnote at the beginning of the book he says:

> When I use Biblical tradition here in such an autocratic and arbitrary way, draw on it for confirmation whenever it is convenient, and dismiss its evidence without scruple when it contradicts my conclusions, I know full well that I am exposing myself to severe criticism concerning my method and that I weaken the force of my proofs. But this is the only way in which to treat material whose trustworthiness—as we know for certain—was seriously damaged by the influence of distorting tendencies. Some justification will be forthcoming later, it is hoped, when we have unearthed those secret motives. Certainty is not to be gained in any case, and, moreover, we may say that all other authors have acted likewise.

The closing justification will do nothing to overcome the factual objections of scholars.

The basic theory of "Moses and Monotheism" is that Moses was not a Hebrew at all, but an Egyptian governor. Like other Egyptians of his time he is supposed to have become a monotheist under the influence of Amen-hotep IV, who worshipped the sun as the only god. Dr. Freud maintains that when Amen-hotep was overthrown, to be succeeded by a polytheistic Pharaoh, Moses fled the country, taking with him a band of Hebrews whom he had converted to his monotheistic doctrine. During the course of their wanderings in the wilderness, quarrels arose between Moses and the people, which ended in the murder of Moses.

This revolutionary theory is based primarily on the derivation of the name Moses, which comes from the Egyptian word for *son,* according to modern Egyptologists. The suggestion that Moses was slain by the Hebrews was first made by the German his-

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torian, Sellin, who was inspired to this theory by certain obscure verses in Hosea, the prophet who happened to have lived more than six hundred years after Moses! Clearly Dr. Freud did well to hesitate before he built so imposing and novel a structure on so flimsy a foundation. Whether he did well to overcome his hesitation is another matter.

In the second part of the book, Dr. Freud is obviously more at home. He analyzes the forces which have preserved the doctrine of monotheism and the Jewish group in the world, and comes to the conclusion that they have their analogues in the infantile memories and obsessions of individuals. Once more we must leave the experts in the field to discuss the technique of the argument. But it is a pity that in these essays, written under great personal stress, Dr. Freud is careless about several statements of fact. His derivation of the Hebrew word for God, *Adonai,* from the name of the Egyptian sun-god, *Aton,* rather than the common Hebrew noun, *adon* (lord), is simply an effort of the imagination. Nor is it true that the ancient biblical Hebrews used the name *Adonai* instead of *YHWH.* That practice originated no earlier than the sixth century before the Christian era, eight hundred years after the time of Moses. The Hebrews were not, as Dr. Freud holds, the only people who objected to visible images of their God, for the prohibition was fairly common in antiquity.

Finally his acceptance of Robertson Smith's ethnological theories is a tour de force, even though Dr. Freud recognizes (p. 207) that they have been rejected by "more recent ethnologists without exception."

As already intimated, the most important element in this book may prove to be its obiter dicta. For example, the suggestion that the long period of popular polytheism which followed the time of Moses has a psychological as well as a general sociological basis, is of the greatest importance for the student of Judges and Samuel. Equally helpful to the sociologist is the observation that the meeting of two civilizations frequently results in the deterioration of both.

Even those who disagree with Dr. Freud's premises and conclusions will find his ideas fruitful and stimulating. In "Moses and Monotheism" we find again evidence of the powerful creative mind which has exerted such a profound influence on the thought of our generation.

Dr. Finkelstein is professor of theology at the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York, and is the author of several books, including "The Pharisees, Their Origin and Their Philosophy."

"Some even succeeded in spite of themselves, simply by getting there first" . . . (From the jacket of "Nebraska Coast")

Cheerful Pioneer

NEBRASKA COAST. By Clyde Brion Davis. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1939. 423 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES GRAY

DESPITE its substantial length, Clyde Brion Davis's new novel reads like a succession of rather jocular footnotes to the saga of building the West. The story is of a man whose most conspicuous gift was that of making wrong guesses but who nonetheless stumbled into a kind of eminence and success. If there is a moral in that, Mr. Davis is too amiable to underscore it with pointed emphasis.

Jack Macdougall's burly inclination to champion the underdog made him back both the canal boat and the ill-fated steam wagon against the railroad. It also made him talk recklessly to his New York state neighbors about the rights of slave holders. In the days when the Civil War was having its prologue enacted, these attitudes won him no friends. So he gathered up his family, along with his aptitudes for fighting and realistic conversation, to seek a more sympathetic background in Nebraska.

There he still found that he would rather talk than work a farm. The preference shown by wanderers of the road for the decent cooking of Jack's wife gave him his new career as hotelkeeper. While he waited for the steam wagons to come bustling past his door, he shared drinks, racy stories, and fisticuffs with the jolly, middle-aged boys who seemed to inhabit his corner of the world. And though the steam wagon never came, he found midway in an amusing life that he had become a personage: creator of a town, defender of its justice, leader of its government, and finally its representative in Congress.

This, no doubt, is Mr. Davis's gentle retort to the giants-in-the-earth type of pioneering fiction. It was not all a matter of setting the jaw grimly and riding the hurricane. Some men succeeded in spite of themselves, simply by getting there first and sitting around until it was time for the rewards to be passed out.

It is pleasant to pass a few hours in the company of this humorous pioneer. Seen through the eyes of an adoring young son who matches him in all the arts of swaggering, Jack Macdougall is restfully innocent of the sturdy virtues. His magnificent chest swells, never with righteous indignation, but always with a pure, untainted kind of pugnacity. His speech is richly flavored with realistic ribaldry. The casual understanding between like-minded father and son is one of the pleasantest features of the story.

The novel is loosely constructed. Threads are left hanging. Characters are introduced and then dismissed without design or, what is worse, with a purpose that is allowed to waver. Historical figures like Wild Bill Hickok are given only an inadequate puff or two from the creative artist's pulmotor, and do not come to life at all. Far better are Mr. Davis's own whimsical creations like Aunt Christine, who having mourned a dead lover for years finally takes up spiritualism and receives from beyond the grave urgent suggestions that she marry someone else.

It is clear that Mr. Davis has done a great amount of background reading and there is plausible zest to many episodes like that of the buffalo hunt. If "Nebraska Coast" seems less highly original and less distinguished than Mr. Davis's other books, "The Anointed" and "The Great American Novel—," it nonetheless offers an amusing oblique view of the quiet corner where the pioneers did more chatting than building.

James Gray is literary editor of the St. Paul Dispatch.

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All Around the Town

NEW YORK CITY GUIDE. Compiled by the Federal Writers' Project. New York: Random House. 1939. 708 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by RUSSELL MALONEY

ABOUT a year ago, on a fine Sunday afternoon, I was sitting with a friend of mine in the café of the Hotel Lafayette. At the other tables people of the type that traditionally frequents the Lafayette sat sipping vermouth, reading newspapers, and playing quietly with their beards. Surrendering completely to the continental charm of the place, my friend leaned sideways against the table and crossed his legs, whereupon a man came over and said, "I'll have to ask you to keep both feet on the floor, sir." "Who are *you?*" cried my friend, stung by this breach of *bonhomie.* "I'm the house detetctive," the fellow said.

I relate this trifling anecdote simply to bring out the point that people who set out to capture the picturesque side of urban life, whether at first hand or on the printed page, usually get kicked in the teeth. That goes for the WPA, too. The "New York City Guide," written and edited by members of the Federal Writers' Project and published by Random House, is a spirited attempt to outline the pattern of New York life in the five boroughs, but it fails in its purpose. Of course it fails; the city is too big to be understood by any single group of people, and its movement is too fluid and unpredictable ever to be defined. If the thing were possible, the WPA, with its wealth of manpower and facilities for research, could have done it.

The "New York City Guide" is a companion volume to "New York Panorama," which was published last year. The "Panorama" discussed the broad aspects of New York life—labor, housing, amusements, transportation, education, industries, and so on. The "Guide" describes the city minutely, section by section, indiscriminately mingling bits of history, legend, political gossip, architectural and artistic criticism, sociology, cosmic thoughts, and prophecy. There are sections devoted to information about travel, hotels, restaurants, recreation, schools, and museums. The volume is carefully indexed, and there is a good selective bibliography. More than half of the 708 pages are devoted to Manhattan Island. There are many excellent photographs and prints, and a huge, totally unmanageable map of Manhattan.

Though it is to be expected that errors of fact would creep into an undertaking of such magnitude, I was abashed to find the Federal government, through its Writers' Project, holding the bag with the most shameless press-agent's yarn now current, the one about the Waldorf-Astoria's private railroad siding. For the WPA's information, I may say that the siding under the Waldorf has never received a millionaire's special car, and the elevator that connects it with the street has never carried anything but ashcans. And, just to pick a couple of minor flaws, the Ritz-Carlton isn't "one of an international chain of hostelries," nor do the planes for Boston take off from Floyd Bennett Field.

New York City is unique in that the natives never learn all there is to know about their habitat, and as a consequence are avid readers of guide books. This audience is a little more knowing than the out-of-towners, and I don't think they will swallow such statements as "The Central Park West District . . . is bordered by three of Manhattan's aristocratic thoroughfares, West End Avenue, Riverside Drive, and Central Park West." When a writer lumps together, under the adjective "aristocratic," the fine bitchy bustle of Central Park West, the upper-class Jewish respectability of West End Avenue, and the almost suburban tranquillity of Riverside Drive, he loses my confidence. Not to mention the problem of how three parallel thoroughfares, aristocratic or not, can "border" a district.

Sutton Place dead end

The plan of dividing the city into neighborhoods for the purpose of description works well in the case of well-defined, individualized sections like Yorkville, Harlem, or Chelsea; but when a writer is given an arbitrarily bounded section—"Central Park South, the Plaza, and Fifty-seventh Street," for instance—he is naturally unable to cope satisfactorily with it. Central Park, Bellevue Hospital, Harlem, Yorkville, Chelsea, the financial district, and the Village are well done. Brooklyn, the Bronx, Queens, and Staten Island do not come within the jurisdiction of a Manhattan-dwelling reviewer.

The "Guide," I think, is a more valuable book than the "Panorama." It dithers along in the amiable tone of a Sunday supplement, a little too chatty sometimes, but never really boring. It will do splendidly as a primer for visitors from out of town, and New Yorkers may find a few things they hadn't known before. Just one word of warning; the guide to restaurants and night-clubs is haphazard and unselective.

Russell Maloney is on the editorial staff of The New Yorker.

Riverside Drive above George Washington Bridge. (Photographs on this page from "New York City Guide.")

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D. H. Lawrence

(*Continued from page 4*)

one of the most original English authors of this century still continues. Every book about him has been sneered at. When Mrs. Lawrence published her memoirs, the newspapers quoted—with insulting banner headlines—anything which seemed to belittle him, but not a single word of the many passages showing the beauty and happiness of their lives together. Even his widow had to be insulted. More recently, the word has gone forth that Lawrence never amounted to anything and will soon be forgotten. It almost looks as if certain people *want* him to be forgotten. There is not even a birth plaque or memorial of any kind to him in his native town.

Meanwhile the other Lawrence has bloomed into a national hero, and is commemorated by a public monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, London; and there is no end to the skillful publicity. It would be unfortunate if either of the two Lawrences were disparaged for the benefit of the other. Yet the process of making T. E. Lawrence into a national hero seems to include the belittling or the ignoring of D. H. Lawrence by quasi-official methods. I cannot recollect that any official or even influential person has ever said one word in favor of D. H. Lawrence, with the solitary exception of the Probate Judge who decided the intestacy case and referred to him as "a distinguished man." There are not so many great figures in twentieth century England that it can afford to despise any of them, and they certainly may be proud of D. H. Lawrence. The prejudice against Shelley did not abate until a quarter of a century after his death (yet I have heard an old-fashioned Englishman say that Shelley was "a public scandal"!) and probably that period must elapse before D. H. Lawrence achieves his just fame in his own country.

I was never one of the Lawrence "inner group." I knew him in London in pre-war days, and saw him several times through Amy Lowell, who had a genuine admiration for his work, and was anxious that the contributors to her anthology should be on good terms with one another. Thereafter my life crossed his from time to time almost by accident, and it was the merest coincidence that I was twice able to stave off official interference with him. I never told him, because I knew it would have a bad effect on him; though from passages in his letters I suspect he did learn from someone else. I know there was an inner tragedy in Lawrence's life which will one day be explained, but I can't help feeling that these exterior annoyances (not to over-state) contributed to his "psychological defeat."

The hostility of the smut-hounds in England needs no explanation. Americans are familiar with these disagreeable canines (so frequently of the female sex) though they are now pretty well muzzled here. But that prosecution in 1915 harmed Lawrence's reputation and finances seriously. The fact that he had been successfully prosecuted for obscenity was a powerful weapon in the hands of his literary enemies. (It must always be remembered that Lawrence was practically the first great writer of the genuine working class England has produced; that he proudly refused to truckle to his "social superiors"; and that this was an unforgivable offense.) On the financial side it hit him hard. Before the prosecution, he had received as much as one thousand five hundred dollars advance for the English rights alone of a novel. Until the "Lady Chatterley" scandal made him profitably notorious, I think he never got more than five hundred thereafter, and I have more than once heard him say that but for America he couldn't have lived. In the middle of 1918 the Lawrences were very near starving.

The origins of the "spy" nonsense are easier to understand than the persistence of the delusion in the official mind. Imagine a harassed Military Authority in 1917; the growing submarine campaign against merchantmen; the French insistence on stringent action against spy activities in England; a man with a German wife, who sings German songs, who is disliked by the suspicious Cornish, who is alleged to be an author of obscene and subversive tendencies . . . In war time there is no time to investigate queer exceptions. But after the war, it should have been obvious even to the official mind that the whole charge was a grotesque error. Yet so persistent was the official prejudice against him that until recently the British Broadcasting Company would not allow his name to be mentioned. There was a rumor at one time that a well-known English author resigned his position as book-commentator rather than submit to this restriction on his liberty of speech. Since then I have listened to an attack on Lawrence's prose style by that master of creative and imaginative prose, Mr. Desmond MacCarthy; and I have heard Lawrence quoted in a broadcast without acknowledgment.

There seem to be many Americans who believe that Lawrence's work is on the way to oblivion, the fate so ardently desired for it in his own country. I don't believe it. The curve of every writer's reputation and influence fluctuates, and usually falls to a low before it begins gradually to rise to its true permanent level. For various reasons the Lawrence curve is low and may fall lower, but he will not be forgotten. His personality is too remarkable; his work, though uneven, too original and vivid, for such a fate. But it is a fact that nobody can form an accurate judgment of Lawrence's achievement by reading a few of his books at hazard. The only way to do that is to read the whole lot in chronological order with constant reference to the Letters. Only thus can a reader become fully acquainted with the strange and sometimes very beautiful spirit of the last of the individualists.

Good Light Reading

WILLIAM'S ROOM. By Alice Grant Rosman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1939. 291 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

ALICE GRANT ROSMAN has the gift of writing gay, gracious, and witty novels. Highly selective, she creates an internally consistent world which, if excluding the deeper problems of actuality, is nevertheless thoroughly realistic within its own self-chosen limits. She is a novelist of manners and character, her vignettes of English country life having the thrust and humor of the Jane Austen tradition. She delights in types that almost depend for their very existence upon their own misunderstanding of their real natures: a full gallery of the self-deceived — charming frauds, malingerers, satiric observers facing away from life toward the expression of it.

In "William's Room" we are introduced to another typically Rosman group of two families, the Willows and the Brentwoods, who have a close, across-the-lawn relationship. Crispin Brentwood is the hero, with a family — father, mother, and sister — that would try the patience of a martyr to live with but who are a sheer delight to read of in their garrulous idiosyncrasies and amusing prejudices. The heroine, Crispin's desired and deserved of fate, comes from outside the little circle under a false name and with a clouded past. The story for a time takes on unwonted tension, then swings again into a lighter mood with the reactions and surmises of the villagers.

Ever since her "Visitors to Hugo" several years ago, Mrs. Rosman's novels have been doing much to fill the ever-present need for "light entertainment" in fiction that intelligent readers can enjoy. They maintain a delicate, difficult balance between the over-sophisticated, wise-cracking type, on the one hand, and the all too sweetly sentimental on the other.

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Shakespearean Rag

THE FOURTH FORGER: William Ireland and the Shakespeare Papers. By John Mair. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1939. 244 *pp., with index.* $2.75.

Reviewed by W. T. HASTINGS

WILLIAM HENRY IRELAND, aged nineteen, accompanied his father Samuel Ireland, the antiquary, on a reverential visit to Stratford in 1794, and was much struck by Samuel's grief at the account of a mass of Shakespearean documents cleared out of an upper chamber at Clopton House and burned to make room for the rearing of partridges. On his return to London, "for mere frolick and diversion" he forged a lease bearing Shakespeare's signature, and presented it to his uncritically grateful father. A second forgery, Shakespeare's "profession of faith," when read to Dr. Parr and Dr. Joseph Warton, moved the latter to declare to Samuel Ireland: "Mr. Ireland, we have very fine things in our church service, and our litany abounds with beauties, but here is a man who has distanced us all." The boy "scarce could refrain from laughter on hearing such praises lavished on myself," and then "first began to think I had any abilities."

The natural consequence, William Henry Ireland being what he was, was the discovery in rapid succession of additional documents (mostly furnished to William by a mysterious gentleman, Mr. H—). Though a few scholars, including Malone, Ritson, and Steevens, from the first doubted or denied their authenticity, they "successfully imposed on [most scholars and] the Sapient Antiquaries and Heralds, Messieurs Noodle, Doodle, Foodle and Co."—to borrow from an unpublished autograph note by Steevens in a volume of Ireland MSS. and facsimiles in the Brown University Library. Among the discoveries were kind notes from Queen Elizabeth and Southampton to the young dramatist, a love letter and poem sent by him to Anne Hathaway, a complete MS. of "King Lear" with important new readings, fragments of a "Hamlet" MS., a self-portrait of Shakespeare (copied from the Folio portrait), a drawing of Shakespeare as Bassanio, a water color of a Dutchman in wide trousers metamorphosed into Shylock, and presently two Shakespearean plays hitherto unknown, "Vortigern" and "Henry II."

The story of this famous hoax, from its inception to its sudden collapse through the publication in 1796 of Malone's virulent "Inquiry into the Authenticity of Certain MSS.," and the subsequent confession by young Ireland in his "Authentic Account of the Shakespearean Manuscripts," is well worth retelling. It is regrettable, therefore, that the present version is so imperfect. It is readable, and Mr. Mair's extensive quotations from the Ireland papers in the British Museum make the drama of the critical months more vivid than in any previous account. Yet "The Fourth Forger" is neither a lively recreation of a fascinatingly obscure personality, nor an accurate piece of research. The author's interpolated observations on young Ireland's state of mind and motives are quite lacking in distinction, and several illuminating contemporary strokes of portraiture are passed over. It is even more seriously defective in scholarship.

Mr. Mair's errors of omission and commission can be indicated here only by samples. He omits from his inadequate bibliography, and apparently makes no use of, the important articles in "Notes and Queries" by G. Hilder Libbis and the passages in the "Farington Diary;" he omits reference to, but apparently has profited by, Richard Grant White's introduction to the 1874 reprint of Ireland's "Confessions" of 1805 and Sergeant's carefully documented essay on "Young Ireland" in his "Liars and Fakers," 1925. Though twice declaring the 1805 "Confessions" highly unreliable, he makes extensive and usually unacknowledged use of this expanded story of the fabrications, in preference to the plainer and more reliable "Authentic Account" of 1796. (In one instance at least, attention to the latter would have saved him a gratuitous flight of fancy—speculation as to the present whereabouts, in some collector's library, of a prayer book containing a forged presentation letter to Queen Elizabeth—since in the "Authentic Account" Ireland declares that he destroyed the letter.) His use of dates and his ordering of events are unnecessarily confusing and sometimes demonstrably wrong. He fails to deal squarely with such points of controversy as the relation of Mrs. Freeman, Samuel Ireland's "housekeeper," to him and to his children.

The subject deserves a more conscientious or a more practised author than Mr. Mair.

William T. Hastings is a member of the English department at Brown University.

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Soviets in the Arctic

LIFE ON AN ICE FLOE. By Ivan Papanin. New York: Julian Messner. 1939. 300 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MARIE AHNIGHITO PEARY

THIS is an extremely difficult book either to review or to judge. The author in his introduction says that he decided it would be more interesting and more dramatic to keep the book in its original diary form rather than make a narrative from the diary material; and as such the book is, of course, unique. No other day-by-day account exists of men spending two hundred and seventy-four days on a drifting, unstable ice floe.

To the men themselves every moment was charged with excitement. There were constant storms, which threatened the safety of the party and the destruction of their plans for scientific achievement. There was the ever-present danger that the floe on which they lived would split into pieces and plunge them into the Arctic Ocean. Constant vigilance was the only precaution possible; and every groan of the surrounding ice, every increase in the force of the wind, even the slightest widening of the fissures in the floe on which the party was camped, brought terror to their hearts. To live for nine months under such severe nervous tension is anything but dull.

Yet to one reader at least, it must be said that the book was tedious. The daily necessary routine of a scientific depot, the soundings, the observations, the radio reports, described in detail over and over and over again, become wearying and monotonous. To the lay reader it would seem that a shorter, more vivid account, the description of one typical day, the recounting of the various high lights of the expedition, would have served the author's purpose better. There is little doubt that to the comparatively small group of readers interested in everything pertaining to the Arctic, and to scientists in general, the book will appeal.

To many readers, old enough to remember the thrilling drift of the *Polaris* survivors, it will seem strange that the author of "Life on an Ice Floe" should have missed so obvious and so dramatic a chance to compare and contrast the two experiences: one, a group of four highly trained and carefully prepared men, deliberately enduring a winter's drift in the interests of science; and the other, a group consisting of men and women, thrown hurriedly and with no warning onto the ice without adequate shelter or food or fuel. Both groups survived, but survival was all that was accomplished by the *Polaris* party, whereas Papanin and his men have added glory to the Soviet and tremendous additional information to the world of science.

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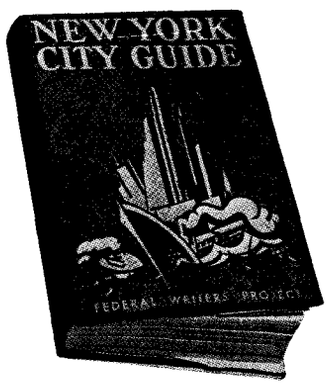
QUESTION	ANSWER	FOR FULL DETAILS SEE—
What fashionable church has a dollar sign carved over its door?	St. Thomas'	p. 220
How many "Harlems" are there?	Three—Negro, Spanish and Italian	p. 253
What three inventions were perfected in a building on Washington Square?	Telegraph, daguerreotype, and revolver—all at N. Y. U.	p. 134
What street is still lit by gas lamps?	MacDougal Alley	p. 135
Does Marble Hill contain any marble?	Yes	p. 306
How old is the Aquarium?	132 years. Originally a fort, built 1807.	p. 308
Where did Mary Pickford make her first pictures?	In a loft at 221 West 26 St.	p. 154
Who broke up the Hell's Kitchen gangs?	The N. Y. Central Railroad.	p. 156
Where is the head Harlem "heaven" of Father Divine?	152 W. 126 St.	p. 260
Where are the 167 "wildest acres" in Manhattan?	Inwood Hill Park	p. 305
How many people visit Radio City every day?	80,000. The resident population is another 20,000.	p. 341



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Almanac of the Book

THE BOOK IN AMERICA. A History of the Making, the Selling, and the Collecting of Books in the United States. By Hellmut Lehmann-Haupt, Ruth Shepard Granniss, and Lawrence C. Wroth. New York: R. R. Bowker Co. 1939. 453 *pp., with index.* $6.

Reviewed by JOHN T. WINTERICH

THIS comprehensive manual has had a curious and engaging history—a history which oddly parallels such a wholly dissimilar work as Alexander Wheelock Thayer's life of Beethoven. Six years ago a large Leipzig publishing house, projecting a sort of Encyclopaedia Germanica of the printed book, asked Mr. Lehmann-Haupt if he would undertake a brief inclusive survey of America's contribution. He agreed, and sought the services of two admirable coadjutors, Mr. Wroth to cover the period from the beginnings of Colonial printing to 1860, and Miss Granniss to report on American book-collecting (in its broadest sense) and the growth of libraries. He reserved for himself the period from 1860 to the present day.

Mr. Wroth and Miss Granniss set to work in English and their papers were translated into German. Mr. Lehmann-Haupt took a short-cut and wrote his section in German. The result duly appeared at Leipzig in 1937 as "Das Amerikanische Buchwesen." Since no comparably compact study of the subject was available in English (a fact marked by numerous reviewers), the sound decision was made to issue a translation for home consumption. Mr. Wroth and Miss Granniss, of course, had only to check over their original manuscripts, amplifying them as seemed essential for a native audience, while Mr. Lehmann-Haupt diligently converted his German into English. The result is a "World Almanac" of the book in America from Stephen Daye and the Bay Psalm Book to the Cheney survey and the Crime Club—a "World Almanac" in which statistics are given short shrift.

To be sure, Mr. Wroth does cite a few typical figures on sizes of editions and prices of books, but there is a distinction between figures and statistics. Of "Poor Richard's Almanack" for 1766, some 9,771 copies were sold—a smashing figure by comparison with the total issue of a broadside of the same date bidding Philadelphians keep their streets clean—2,500 copies. Cadwalader Colden's "History of the Five Indian Nations" (New York, 1727) appeared in an edition of five hundred copies. The Bay Psalm Book itself numbered 1,700 copies, of which eleven survive, by no means all as issued. The monumental Mennonite martyr book, "Der Blutige Schau Platz" (Ephrata, 1748), was published in an edition of 1,300 copies, and a whopping drayload they must have made. It was a big book for the money, but one pound was big money in 1748.

Mr. Lehmann-Haupt's special introduction to his section contains particularly interesting references to the American cultural scene as he found it on coming here ten years ago:

> When I visited some of my new friends in their houses in the suburbs I noticed on the train that everybody was buried in his favorite newspaper or magazine, and at the house there were many magazines in the living-room and everybody could help himself. There were some books too, on the living-room shelf. But I saw that very few people had a room set aside as a library or study, with the walls lined with books, and the doors closed, such as those I had known. I met authors and literary agents and was surprised how important, financially speaking, the short story and the magazine market was to them.

In her account of book-collecting in America, private and institutional, Miss Granniss presents the most adequate capsule survey of this field ever attempted. It is significant to note how the great private collections have from the very beginning (witness John Harvard) tended to gravitate to institutional libraries. The dispersal of one's collection at auction impedes the process only mildly—what is time to a library?

The scope of the book is attested by the fact that the appended bibliography embraces thirty-eight pages and the index thirty-one.

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Man of Nature

RUNNER OF THE MOUNTAIN TOPS. The Life of Louis Agassiz. By Mabel L. Robinson, with decorations by Lynd Ward. New York: Random House. 1939. 390 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by TOWNSEND SCUDDER III

DOMINATING the limits of Harvard Yard stands a great museum—the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy. In Cambridge, however, few persons bother to give it this imposing title. It is known today, as it was known seventy-five years ago, as the Agassiz Museum, a familiar name which is a tribute to the dynamic personality of the man whose energy, charm, and persuasiveness materialized his scientific dreams into solid brick and stone. Louis Agassiz, like John James Audubon, came from the old world to adopt America as his country, and, like Audubon, he taught himself to know his foster land and understand its natural secrets better than most nineteenth-century naturalists of native birth. As Mabel L. Robinson, author of this biography, remarks, Switzerland brought Agassiz forth and bestowed on him her sturdy qualities, Germany educated him, France introduced him to great scientists—Cuvier, Humboldt—who recognized and encouraged him, and America made him her useful son. In America he was more than a scientist—though his observations, among other things, established the theory of an age of ice in the world's geological history—he was a partner in that vital, golden age, the age of Emerson's "American Scholar," which saw America emerge from her provincialism and her dependence on European culture and scientific research.

To describe this book as a biography is perhaps a misnomer. Rather, it is a lively, intuitive portrait by an informed admirer whose background still bears traces of the scenes which surrounded Agassiz; a chronicle by an observer who has captured the spirit of the man and of his accomplishments. Poetically written, it is surest in its picture of Agassiz the enthusiast, the boy who never quite grew up; least sure in its descriptions of the men about him and of the times in which they moved. But this last circumstance, which would be a defect in a more pretentious work, is easily forgiven in the rapid flow of the narrative. The book should appeal especially to youthful readers, young or old in years, who love nature and enjoy a story of success.

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The New Books

Biography

NURSING THROUGH THE YEARS. By Corinne Johnson Kern. Dutton. 1939. 340 *pp.* $2.50.

Mrs. Kern tells us that she completed her hospital training in 1900, that she was twenty-two, blonde, pretty, and five feet two. In previous books — so her publisher's list announces — she dealt with the more lurid experiences of a probationer and a hospital nurse. In this volume she devotes each chapter to a specific private case from among her assignments during the thirty-odd years that followed. She nursed in rural communities in the West, in a tuberculosis sanitarium, a boarding-house on San Francisco's water-front, the elaborate home of a neurotic heiress. The doctors for whom she nursed were as varied in type and training as was her locale. She writes easily and freely—at times vividly. Her account of Mrs. Dillon's boarding-house and its derelict lodgers lingers in the memory. But to the reader "in the know," most of her tales are too highly seasoned to carry conviction. Indeed her slick use of sentimental clichés and the atmosphere of melodrama with which she surrounds every incident, suggest a probation period in the pulp factories from which the author has not quite graduated. It is doubtful if the modern trained nurse will approve this method of dramatizing her profession. But undoubtedly the book will find a large audience among the many who are irresistibly drawn to every romanticized version of hospitals, sickness, and death.

M. S. U. (M.D.)

International

NAZI SPIES IN AMERICA. By Leon G. Turrou. Random House. 1939. 299 *pp.* $2.

A year or so ago the newspapers were full of an investigation into a German spy ring in the United States. The first indication of it came from Great Britain; the British authorities, suspicious of the amount of foreign mail received by a woman in Dundee, had learned that she was a relay for the correspondence of German spies in America, and notified the United States authorities. Mr. Leon G. Turrou, a G-man, was put on the case, and uncovered a mass of evidence. In the middle of the investigation before the Federal Grand Jury, he startled every one by the unprecedented step of selling his account of the case to a newspaper, after the necessary preliminary of resigning his post with the government. His story now appears in book form. It is novelized to the extent of purporting to give the precise words of conversations among the spies, which, of course, could not have been known with exactness; but the book does not owe much else to literary art, not even in arrangement, which shifts back and forth, rather confusingly, between the chronological sequence of events and the order in which they were unearthed. The story which emerged was fantastically like Phillips Oppenheim; there were cipher alphabets handed from spy to spy written in match-books, and plots to lure officers bearing military secrets into hotel rooms and overpower them with gas out of fountain pens. It was proved that there was a considerable group of secret agents at work, and a number of the smaller fry were convicted. And yet it seems that all these machinations achieved remarkably little for Germany, and the ring depended on agents whose melodramatic ideas defeated themselves. It was no doubt right to prosecute them, *pour encourager les autres;* but looking back on the frenzied newspaper stories as reflected here, one cannot help feeling that the investigation produced, "Like the de'il when he clippit the soo, Muckle cry and little woo'."

B. D.

SOUTH AMERICAN PRIMER. By Katherine Carr. Reynal & Hitchcock. 1939. 108 *pp., with index.* $1.75.

Mrs. Carr states in her preface that she is attempting to provide a book which she had been unable to find: "a book that would tell me what the South American nations were *like.*" It is this reviewer's opinion that such a book, if it were needed at all, is still needed, since anyone who accepted all of Mrs. Carr's statements at face value might well get a somewhat distorted impression of South America. The idea of this little volume is excellent, and from a purely literary standpoint, the execution is good. It suffers, however, from oversimplification in parts and a high percentage of misinformation in others, related in both cases to the author's apparent lack of knowledge of the field. The treatment of economic statistics displays a whimsical disregard for the facts, even when such facts are correctly portrayed in charts accompanying the text.

A lack of research is certainly indicated by such statements as "an American corporation secured control of Bolivian tin production" (presumably sometime in the 1920s); Bethlehem Steel "controls Chile's coal production," and "there is practically no manufacturing in Colombia." Such points as these are, of course, relatively minor, but the bald assertion that Great Britain was the "principal source of supply for Latin America" before the war and shared this trade with Germany throws serious doubt on all Mrs. Carr's trade data. As a

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

matter of fact, the charts used to show trade trends clearly indicate that the United States even in 1912 outranked both Great Britain and Germany. Referring to the present, she asserts: "It is the fact that the United States continues to dominate a market in which we buy so little." It may indeed be "little," but in 1937 it was more than the combined total of the United Kingdom, Germany, Italy, and Japan. The whole treatment of the trade question and such matters as the financial agreement between Brazil and the United States announced last March, is a fantastic combination of naïveté and statistical inaccuracy.

H. J. T.

Music

ELGAR. By W. H. Reed. Dutton. 1939. 215 *pp.* $2.

An institution in England, in the eyes of the public of other nations Elgar will remain one of those sincere, well trained, and occasionally eloquent belated romanticists who, eschewing the revolutionary turmoil around them, tried to find fortitude in the glory of the past. This romantic classicism produced many a fine artist but only one genius, Brahms, whose great gifts saved him from becoming a mere echo of the great German musicians who preceded him. This cannot be said, however, of the others, for no school wilted more quickly than that of post-romanticism. Many of Elgar's works were lost with the passing of the civilization of pre-war Europe, some of the best remain as respectable compositions of an earnest and distinguished British artist.

Mr. Reed's book is intended for the English public. It is loyal and sympathetic, if not very skillfully written, but outside the British traditions and in the light of modern art criticism it will not stand close scrutiny. One cannot help wondering at the naive simplicity with which the author puts down statements such as the one concerning Elgar's First Symphony, "the greatest symphony ever written by an Englishman," which he considers "a symphony to be ranked with the great classical symphonies of Brahms and his predecessors." Still, there are many people left to admire the era and the art it represents who will enjoy reading of the life and works of the modest organist and fiddler who rose to become Master of the King's Musick.

P. H. L.

Psychology

TASTE AND TEMPERAMENT. By Joan Evans. Macmillan. 1939. 128 *pp., with index.* $2.75.

This little gem of scholarship by an honorary fellow of St. Hugh's College appears as one of the most promising among recent contributions to the psychology of art. Eschewing all claims for the book as a scientific investigation or as a philosophy of esthetics, the author calls it simply "a brief study of psychological types in their relation to the visual arts." She builds her study on Hume's statement that beauty represents no quality which belongs to things themselves, but exists in the mind of the perceiver. Lacking a universal criterion of beauty, Dr. Evans believes that certain representations of visual art appeal to some observers and not to others because of difference in temperament. She proceeds therefore to equate artistic temperaments and psychological types, both from the point of view of the artist and the observer, and arrives at a classification which includes extravert and introvert—in the Jungian sense—and fast and slow of each according to speed of reaction. She fills the remainder of the book with happily chosen illustrations, and maintains the highest level of competence throughout. Someone else now needs to conduct the scientific investigation, but as a signpost indicating new directions, the present book is invaluable.

R. B.

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The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
ON THE NIGHT OF THE FIRE *F. L. Green* (Macmillan: $2.)	Lack of money irks British factory-town tonsorialist. So he swipes some. Then murders suspicious draper. Police finally get him.	Remarkable study of facile descent to Avernus of unscrupulous but likable chap. Big mill-conflagration sheds lurid glow over all.	Very good
THE MAN IN THE PURPLE GOWN *John Palmer* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Doom hangs over English family living in eerie shadow of Long Barrow. Climactic death of girl solved by Insp. Rawlins.	No great task to guess killer's identity, but Gothic somberness of tale and fear-neither-god-nor-devil people accelerate action.	Spooky
MURDER MOST OPPORTUNE *Robert George Dean* (Crime Club: $2.)	Texas city scene of amatory and political intrigues of Mexican warrior, who, with arms monger, is slain. American writer solves case.	While General Castillo lives, story moves at lively pace. His murder, unfortunately, removes book's star character. Sleuth good but colorless.	Adequate
THE DRUMS OF FU MANCHU *Sax Rohmer* (Crime Club: $2.)	Nayland Smith and Fu Manchu lock horns in another epic conflict with England and Venice as battleground.	Wily Chinee this time plots death of merchants of war. His ways are dark, devilish, and exciting as ever.	Blood and thunder
THE REGATTA MYSTERY *Agatha Christie* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Brief cases presented to Hercule Poirot and Parker Pyne range from murder mysteries and jewel thefts to smoothing course of young love.	Alternation of detectives gives variety to pleasant but not too ingenious or carefully written Christie by-products.	Pretty good

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

EXTRAORDINARILY big value for $3, the *New York City Guide* (a Federal Writers' Project) issued by Random House. There are 39 maps, 170 photos and drawings, and a complete index. The text we have not yet had time to study; but the general impression is lively and appetizing. ☞Good crime reading for warm weather: *The Blind Side,* by Patricia Wentworth (in which, for the first time, the admirable Mrs. Wentworth gets a book jacket that doesn't suggest her stuff is juvenile), and *The Regatta Mystery,* by Agatha Christie, a collection of stories mostly about M. Poirot. ☞Good news for many readers is that Simeon Strunsky, distinguished editorialist who has been out of the bookstores too long, has a new book coming (*The Living Tradition,* Doubleday) said to be a challenge to the many who are already hanging crepe on Uncle Sam's doorbell. ☞Many people—from the friends of Edward Lear to those of Brenda Frazier—must have bemoaned the invention of the limerick. The agreeable biography *Edward Lear* by Angus Davidson, just published by Dutton, says the earliest known examples of the limerick in print are in a little book for children, *Anecdotes and Adventures of Fifteen Gentlemen* (c. 1820) illustrated by Robert Cruikshank (brother of the more famous George). ☞It is interesting to learn from Mr. Davidson that Lear was one of a family of 21 children, and suffered most of his life from epilepsy.

☞Old Q was so indignant at someone from the Middle West (with only one child) being selected as the nation's Typical Sire that he spent Father's Day planting Texas bluebonnets (Lupin Texensis) in his garden and pulling up a bumper crop of chickweed. ☞Speaking of Father's Day, the best sign seen lately by Old Peregrine Q was on a truck from the Bronx: *Mutual Mattress and Bedding Co.* ☞In the new neighborhood of the *S. R. L.* office nothing pleases Old Q. more than the Shakespeare tablet at 49th and Madison; and there's a Henry VIII scene in a nearby bar. ☞There's a grim significance in something that happened last week. The Princeton seniors voted for Arnold's *Dover Beach* instead of Kipling's *If.* ☞The boys are growing up and it makes us sad.

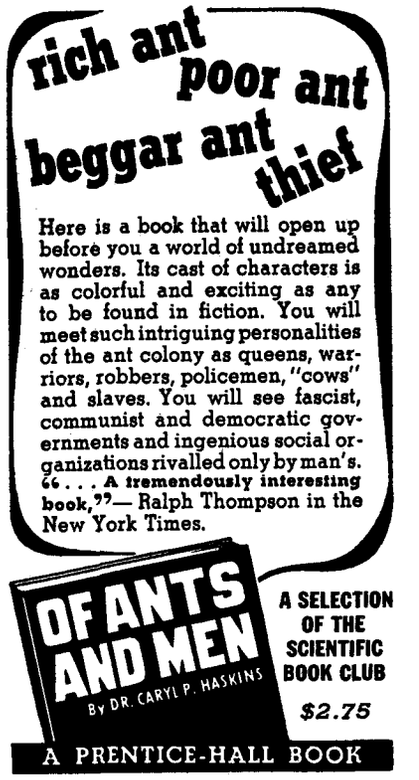
☞Old Q's favorite misprint this week was in a Long Island country weekly, in a poem on T. R.'s grave and the adjoining bird sanctuary:—

"His feathered friends as sentinels
A virgil o'er him keep."

☞Another pleasing urban discovery was a shop seen somewhere on Park Avenue, Lares et Penates; presumably furniture or decoration. ☞J. P. Lippincott Company has just issued the first number of *Library Book News,* to be circulated gratis every other month to librarians and any others interested. Milton J. Ferguson, president of the A. L. A., contributes a friendly causerie of baptism.

☞Harry E. Maule has resigned from Doubleday, Doran and Company after an editorial association with that firm since 1911. Old Q himself has known and admired Mr. Maule in almost all those 28 years, and wishes him all happiness in any future doings. Perhaps Mr. Maule will write another book: he wrote one in 1912, the *annus mirabilis* of modern bibliography. ☞Mr. Bob de Graff, a large man who sells small books, says Old Q was in error in calling the emblem of the new and attractive "Pocket Books" a kangaroo. He says it is a wallaby, which is even more compact and marsupial.

☞We are pleased to learn from Lawrence Clark Powell (Univ. of California at Los Angeles) some biographical facts about C. F. MacIntyre, to whose poems we have frequently alluded with admiration. ☞So far as we know Mr. MacIntyre is the only poet born on a railroad train, which happened "somewhere in the Middle West" on July 16, 1890. He grew up in Los Angeles, studied at U. S. C., took a Ph.D. at Marburg in Germany, and has taught at Occidental College and U. C. L. A. He is now in Europe on a Guggenheim fellowship; his translation of *Faust* ("in modern idiom," says Mr. Powell) is being illustrated by Rockwell Kent. ☞The Joseph Conrad Memorial Library at the Seamen's Institute, 25 South Street, recently marked its 5th birthday. More than 100,000 seamen have used the library in five years, and Miss Anne Conrow, the librarian, is looking for funds to add a periodical room. Gift subscriptions of the leading magazines would be most gratefully received. ☞The Rounce and Coffin Club of Los Angeles is not a group of morticians. These are technical terms in printing, and the club, organized in 1931, is composed of young men interested in various phases of book manufacture. Their exhibition *Western Books of 1938* offers for public view 35 publications of Western printers and publishers. The exhibition will be on show until December in various book centers of the Pacific Coast. ☞We are particularly pleased to see a new edition (the 15th) of the famous old *Rhymes of Ironquill* (Putnam, $2.50) with a Foreword by William Allen White. "Ironquill," whose real name was Eugene Fitch Ware, was many years a lawyer in Kansas, and Bill White attributes to him the zeal and suggestion that boiled over in the editorial "What's the Matter with Kansas?" that started Mr. White's vigorous career in 1896.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Double-Crostics: No. 274

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

		1-B	2-L	3-N	4-V	5-K	6-R		7-U	8-I		9-M	10-W	11-N	12-E	13-L
	14-N	15-J	16-Q	17-O	18-A	19-K	20-E	21-G	22-D		23-M	24-X	25-W	26-D	27-E	
28-N	29-B	30-K	31-D		32-U	33-D	34-T		35-V	36-D	37-K		38-M	39-R	40-T	41-W
42-C		43-M	44-C	45-H	46-I	47-S	48-P	49-K	50-B		51-F	52-E	53-I	54-C	55-T	
56-O	57-T		58-R	59-E	60-U		61-Q	62-D	63-A	64-F	65-M	66-I		67-V	68-J	69-A
70-X	71-K		72-E	73-K	74-N	75-C		76-W	77-G	78-K	79-X	80-E	81-V	82-R	83-C	
84-I	85-A	86-U	87-B	88-S	89-E	90-B		91-M	92-G	93-S	94-J		95-F	96-P	97-J	98-N
99-V	100-M	101-S	102-W	103-C		104-E	105-I	106-D	107-U		108-O	109-T	110-D		111-J	112-T
113-D	114-H	115-F		116-A	117-O	118-I	119-U		120-J	121-L	122-X	123-H	124-Q	125-F	126-U	
127-I	128-D	129-E		130-I	131-O	132-T		133-B	134-F	135-O	136-R		137-T		138-M	139-U
140-A	141-T	142-L		143-X	144-B	145-K	146-L		147-S	148-V	149-H	150-L	151-O	152-C	153-P	154-N
	155-W	156-X	157-N	158-J	159-H	160-M		161-I	162-R	163-Q	164-N	165-G	166-O		167-B	168-K
169-C	170-P	171-S	172-G	173-M		174-U	175-F		176-D	177-F	178-O		179-S	180-C	181-J	182-R
183-K	184-V	185-A		186-T	187-S		188-J	189-T	190-F	191-S						

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Hostile course of action.

B. Ceremonial embrace.

C. Russian city.

D. Famous London horse-market.

E. Any species of Cheirinia.

F. Unison, monody (music.)

G. Play by Dr. Johnson.

H. River associated with Sir Walter Scott.

I. Opera by Mozart (2 wds.)

J. Rowen.

K. Paleolithic European race.

L. Looked impudently.

M. Put to hazard.

N. Distressed.

O. Hero of Shakespearean drama forged by Wm. Ireland.

P. Ireland.

Q. Set with detached ornaments.

R. Beverage of wine and honey (Gr.)

S. Invent.

T. Florentine painter (1449-94.)

U. Beak-shaped.

V. Heroine of novel by Willa Cather.

W. Shrill noise.

X. Logical consequence.

WORDS

116	85	63	69	140	185	18					
144	1	167	29	133	87	50	90				
103	42	44	152	54	83	75	169	180			
176	26	62	106	110	113	31	128	36	33	22	
104	12	89	59	72	27	52	129	20	80		
115	64	190	134	95	177	125	175	51			
92	21	172	77	165							
114	149	159	123	45							
161	130	66	105	84	8	127	53	118	46		
181	120	158	111	97	68	15	188	94			
145	71	183	30	78	49	5	19	168	73	37	
13	150	2	121	146	142						
23	100	173	38	65	138	43	91	9	160		
157	3	154	11	74	28	164	98	14			
135	56	151	108	117	17	178	166	131			
96	48	170	153								
61	163	16	124								
58	136	82	162	182	6	39					
187	179	88	171	101	93	47	147	191			
55	109	189	57	34	137	141	132	112	40	186	
139	119	32	126	86	107	7	174	60			
67	99	4	148	184	81	35					
155	10	25	76	102	41						
143	156	24	79	122	70						

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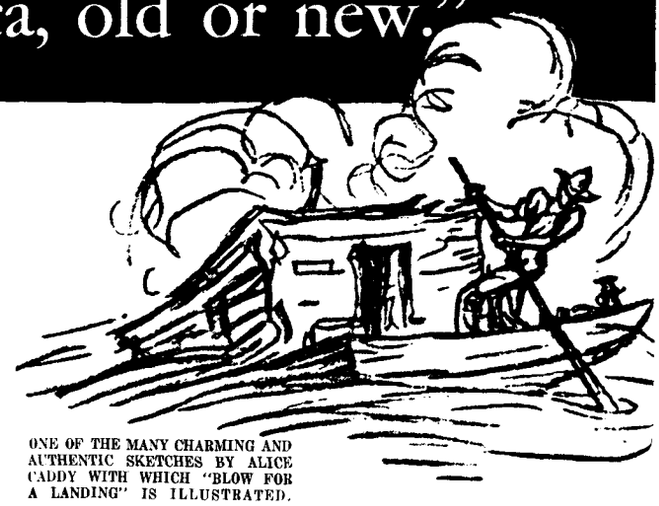
JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON

Literary Editor of the San Francisco Chronicle

Extracts from the Introduction which Mr. Jackson has written especially for the new Southern Award Edition of "Blow for a Landing" by Ben Lucien Burman whose stories of Mississippi River life have won him the title of the South's leading interpreter.



ONE OF THE MANY CHARMING AND AUTHENTIC SKETCHES BY ALICE CADDY WITH WHICH "BLOW FOR A LANDING" IS ILLUSTRATED.

IN the middle nineteen-twenties a few readers discovered a new and authentic voice among those who were telling America what she was really like. The voice was that of Ben Lucien Burman, who was explaining to Americans, through the medium of fiction, that they didn't need to go back fifty or a hundred years in order to find echoes of their frontier. There is still a last frontier, Burman was saying, where men live primitively with fishing-line and rifle.

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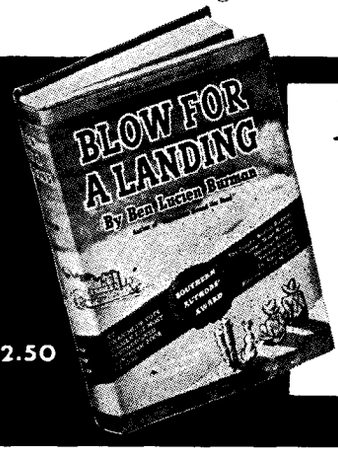
In 1938, Burman's "Blow for a Landing" was published, and Willow Joe, with his musical jugs, his enormous craving to express himself through his music, his simple mice-and-men dreams of a bright tomorrow, became one of the reading public's favorite characters. Critics everywhere told their readers that here was a novel of today in which there was no bitterness, no deliberate proletarian "slant," but merely simplicity, sensitive writing and an appreciation of the fundamental worth of a story as such, a book in which the reader could believe and through which he might glimpse a fresh and hitherto little exploited phase of American life. People supported the critics, too, and read "Blow for a Landing" from one end of the country to the other. At the end of the year, Mr. Burman was given the Southern Authors' Award for the most distinguished Southern book published during 1938, and he was firmly established in a special niche of his own as the leading interpreter of the newest old America.

He knows Willow Joes, hundreds of them, around every bend, Catfish Johnnies, Aunt Sadies and Doctor Johns tied fast to muddy banks from Pittsburgh to New Orleans. They are real people, and they will walk in and out of many a Burman story yet. . . . Nevertheless, "Blow for a Landing" has and will always have a special meaning for Burman, as it has and will have for those who read his books. Into it he put much that he had never said before about The River, about its terrors, its humors, its beauty. . . . Willow Joe is not merely one serious river boy with an idea in his head and music in his fingers; he is all serious, anxious, absurd young men who dream and fail and sometimes find life a little too much for them, though because they are young like Willow Joe they still keep reaching for the moon. In the Willow Joes, the dream is simpler, clearer, closer to the surface, that is all. It is because he has seen this, because he has known how to say it tenderly and wisely, that "Blow for a Landing" *has the quality of universality that will make it, I believe, one of the longest-lived and best loved among novels of America, old or new.*



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